

204
POMERY-HILL.

A

POEM.

Humbly addressed to his

Royal Highness the Prince of WALES.

WITH

OTHER POEMS,

ENGLISH and LATIN.



L O N D O N :

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POMERANIAN

P O E

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Ad M U S A M.

DUM feror in fluctus fallaciſ nescius auræ,
Velis non nimiis tu rege Diva viam.
Ne trahar inve feras fyrtes, vastumve profundum;
Littora scit tantum radere cymba mea.

P R E

E R R A T A.

Page 22. line 8. read

With necks imperious plum'd their purple pride.

Page 22. line 19. read

His tuneful voice the chaunter of the skies

Page 23. line 1. read

Green downs, obedient to their shepherd, fed.

Page 23. line 2. read

In prospect, open to the wandering eye,

Page 43. line 12. read

Thure et odere fluunt; sudantur cortic pingui

P R E F A C E.

THE design of this preliminary address to the public, is to offer some reason for a liberty, which I have taken, as it is perhaps unprecedented, in English verse. Wherever I have introduced an elision, I have kept both syllables entire in the print, after the example of the Latin, but contrary to the custom of our English poets. According to this custom, two words in my very first line ought to have been written thus——t'exalt. A great defect in the English language, taken notice of by our best * writers, is its want of softness, occasioned by the frequent clash of consonants. I thought that we added to this defect by our manner of printing and pronouncing the syllables which suffer an elision in our poetry: though it may be agreeable to the manner of the Greek poets, and though their language may receive from it no perceptible detriment, ours cannot so well endure the loss of its vowels. By this custom our ear is often displeased, with such sounds as —thou'rt, th'aukward, th'ugly, th'ear, th'egg,

* See in particular the Characteristicks, vol. 3. p. 264. and doctor Swift's letter to lord Oxford.

th'earth. In the common editions of the Paradise Lost, the following lines, describing the flight of an angel, are thus printed,

—————'Till within soar
Of towring eagles, t'all the fowls he seems
A phoenix, gaz'd by all—————

In that noble edition which has been lately published, the two monosyllables, which cause the elision, appear thus—to'—all. What I would propose is, that in this and every other elision throughout the poem, the words where it occurs be printed as in the Latin poets: whereby I imagine the language of the Paradise Lost would almost in every instance receive some addition to its harmony.

The custom here complained of seems also in another respect often hurtful to our great poet. For let me ask, is not a poetic beauty injured by the print, in this line?

As from the centre thrice to th'utmost pole.

And in this,

Gambol'd before them.--th'unweildy elephant.

Wherever the author designed an elision, the ear of a common reader would easily direct him to the use of it; and a moderate sound of the vowel cut off, might give an additional beauty, or at least a softness, which is often lost by our custom of printing; for it cannot be expected

that a reader should pronounce the vowel without seeing it. If Virgil's

Phyllida amo ante alias

should make its appearance to the eye thus,

Phyllid' am' ant' alias

could any one read it with its proper grace? But (say you) this method would be wrong, or needless, where the second word begins with the same vowel as closes the former: for instance—the elysian, the ethereal.—I beg leave to think otherwise; but every one herein will be guided by his own ear. As far as I can judge by my own, if in Mr. Pope's

Come, gentle air, the Eolian shepherd said,

both syllables, where the elision is designed, were moderately pronounced, it would produce no disagreeable, but a fluent liquid sound, not unlike that of the Phyllida amo: a beauty, which in our poetry we are not much accustomed to.—What then (you may say) if we are to study softness so much, is the hiatus to be no fault?—Yes, if too strong; if it answers no purpose; or, if there are too many near together, as designedly put in this line of Mr. Pope.

Tho oft the ear the open vowels tire.

For I ask ; who is offended with the hiatus, in the following verses, which of itself, (unless I am over fanciful) seems not a little to aid the poet's description ?

—————The setting sun
Slowly descended, and with right aspect
Against the eastern gate of paradise
Levell'd his evening rays.—————

He that is offended therewith, will be equally so in reading this passage, and many others in the Roman poet.

Nam neque Parnassi vobis juga, nam neque
Pindi

Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonia Aganippe.

Virgil being particularly noted for his various arts in versification, our poet seems to have attended to them with much care ; and to have been as nice in observing these beauties, as he was in his speculation of nature : and he has copied them, where he could.

Mr. Pope, in a note on the above line, taken from his Essay on Criticism, cites a passage as from Tully, which to some may seem to condemn a multiplicity of vowels of the same sound.—Fugiemus crebras vocalium concursiones, quæ vastam atque hiantem orationem reddunt ; ut hoc est ; Baccæ æneæ amænissimæ impendebant.—Perhaps in this passage of Cicero, ad Herennium

P R E F A C E.

v

um (if it was Cicero's) his intention was only to point out what was requisite for the attainment of fluency, as well as energy in the oratoric art; and therefore the hiatus, and a continued flow of like vowels, might be equally objects of his censure; or, perhaps he had no conception that poetry might sometimes owe a beauty to the very breach of his precept: as in the above instances, and * some others that might be produced out of Virgil; or shall we say, that this great man had a most unquestionable title to give rules to the rostra; but that his possessions on Parnassus, a very poor estate indeed, hardly qualified him for a legislator there? Vowels to the consonants, are of the same use, as the ladies among men; to soften, to refine the conversation. If so, surely these fair ones cannot be too familiar with our English consonants. I would be more hospitable to the pretty, too much strangers; and think it a pity, that, for the sake of energy, we must sometimes huddle all the jarring consonants of two syllables into one; say—thou crept'st, thou brought'st, thou crown'st, he dragg'd, he drudg'd—and other like instances of British roughness. That part of poesy, wherein our muses do most suffer, in a comparison with the ancients, is the harmony of numbers.

* ————— Lillia multa

Alba rosa —————

Monstrum horrendum informe ingens —————

Te veniente die, te decedente —————

It may be worth the while therefore to try, if it be not possible for us to arrive at some higher degree of excellence herein, by studying their great masters of the art, by examining wherein consists the true music of their verse, and by imitating it as far as we can, where our language will admit *. These imperfect hints will be sufficient for the purpose intended, which was meerly, to lay the matter open for the decision of better judges. As I have grounded my foregoing observations on Milton, with a view to render his poetry in one respect more similar to that of Virgil; I beg leave to impose upon the reader two or three more loose thoughts, concerning the same English author and his verse, and still further to consider our poet in the same light with the Roman.

He, whom now every child of the muses calls the divine Milton, was in danger, not long since, of being hung up for a plagiarist. If the whole charge could have been supported; if the accused were more guilty than he now appears; still, he might have risen up, and said—"like me, did "Virgil"—and he would say it truly. The industrious bee rifled every flower in the whole field of poetry, from Homer to Lucretius, and hived the spoil in his works. If all that Virgil had read were now extant, more of his depredations

* See the passage above referred to in the *Characteristicks*, vol. 3. p. 263, 264, 265. and another, vol. 1. p. 217.

might have appeared. He thought it no harm, to borrow from a poet, no not of his own times, that was rich enough to lend to Virgil. Even Tully, it is thought, had that honour. But few of his coteremporaries have lived to claim the debt. The good-natured Maro and Horace were so friendly neighbours, that it looks as if they had agreed to hunt upon each others grounds. Nay, this humble Maro, if he could have known them, would have stooped, to rob some modern poets: in one of his tempests he might have made his Jupiter

Ride in the whirlwind, and direct the storm.

The difference in the crime seems to lie here. If it be committed without any skill; if he that pilfers be poor; let him suffer, he deserves not to live. On the contrary; if he can play his part well, and at the same time find wherewithal to entertain us; if he covers the theft artfully; in short, if he can thief like Mercury

Callidum, quidquid placuit, jocosus
Condere furto,

And provided he be not poor, there is an end of the indictment. In such a case (like as when he missed his quiver) ridet Apollo. The fault grows white, shines, merits praise; it being the law in all his courts, that the poor thief be hanged, not the rich.

Mr. Dryden's contradictory declarations, of his opinion concerning the *Paradise Lost*, have surpris'd many a reader. Mr. Dryden, of uncommon abilities, could raise a favourite to a god; but, of a strange humour, could afterwards undeify him again. At one season, even what he thought essential to an epic poet, he could refuse to Milton, whom yet, at another season, he could place above Virgil, above Homer. A writer, with so variable a pen, gains but little credit to his judgment.

After the love-adventure in the fourth *Æneid*, follows a line, the purport of which is, that a little scandal upon the queen was soon spread by common fame, about the neighbouring states of *Lybia*: hereupon Virgil introduces a description of the goddess *Fame*, and makes her an actress in the poem. Busy as an old maid upon the occasion, she posts away to king *Jarbas*, a rejected lover of *Dido*. Upon the news, the king, in his wrath, falls down upon his knees; and, because *Dido* did not think him so fine a gentleman as *Æneas*, in a prayer, full of vehement imprecations, he would persuade *Jupiter* that she was an infidel, and, impatient even of delay, would waste heaven's thunder on the weakness of a woman: but the god was too gallant to gratify the revenge of so mad a lover. All this might naturally enough have happened, without the personal intervention of the goddess: and the chief design of her appearance seems to be,
to

to give an opportunity for shewing her picture. The digression might easily enough have had a place in any other part of the poem ; where the action was quiet enough to admit it, and where common sense could have any thing to do. As it stands here, the description of the goddess makes by much the most considerable part, and is indeed a beauty ; but beautiful as it is, must be condemned, if we blame such digressions in Milton ? Our poet, in his fourth book, represents the state of Adam and Eve ; made happy in their delightful habitation, by endearing converse, and by mutual aids arising from their different employments ; without which neither could so well have enjoyed the felicity of Paradise. From hence he breaks into a rapturous description of Marriage ; which he describes by its effects, in producing blessings to man, and exempting him from evils. For without marriage, love soon degenerates to brutality ; men become loose to the public, studious of private pleasures, unconcerning themselves in the present or future welfare of the community. Marriage is a chain ; but, to them who put it on well, who know how to wear it, is a chain as tender, as pleasing, as Hymen's own band of flowers. It strengthens society by a more firm, a more interesting union : draws the individual, with the secret impulse of nature, to promote the good of others, the good of the whole, while he only intends his own domestic happiness.

ness. Virgil ennobles his character of common fame, by bringing her personally into action, and describing her as a goddess. The religion of his country, took from our poet this advantage, allowing but of very few allegorical personages. These imaginary beings were the life of ancient poetry. In the days of paganism, a merry religion, the poet had a hundred deities at his service, could be as familiar as he pleased, could joke with his gods. If Vulcan appeared in the poem, it was often for a laugh. Mars and Venus, caught in a net by the poor lame husband, made a diversion for heaven. Jupiter himself, would lay aside his majesty, to entertain us, in the shape of a swan or of a wanton bull. In recompence for the loss of all that theological machinery, which supported old Parnassus, modern poets deserve to be indulged in some liberties which the ancients did not stand in need of. Thus even the characters and the allegory of sin and death may be endured and admired. If it be said, that Milton's panegyric would come better from the mouth of one of the actors in the poem, than from his own; it may be answered, that it is built on the good effects of marriage in succeeding ages; so that it could not well make part in a speech of any of his actors; or, if it could, would not, I apprehend, have more force, than it has in the mouth of the poet himself. Upon the whole, may one not say? the descriptions in both poems are beautiful excrescences,

cencies, neither of them necessarily connected with the action. However, we cannot from hence justify other digressions, whereof the only subject is Milton's self. Varius, who is said to have cut off the four lines which we have at the beginning of the *Æneid*, would undoubtedly have given a like stroke to some of the same nature in the *Paradise Lost*. But our love and admiration of these poets is such, that now we will not part with them: we read with more pleasure what they say of themselves, than even what they say of their heroes.

The same cause to which it has been thought we owe much of our epic poet's sublimity, his blindness, might also partly have occasioned the defects sometimes observable in his versification. If he could have seen and examined, at leisure, every one of his lines upon paper, probably some would have been altered, some transposed, and some perhaps omitted. And let me add; if doctor Bently had been more intimate with the graces, and great in the poetic art as he was in other parts of learning, the sisters might have taught him to have used his hook better, Milton might never have complained, might have flourished by his loppings. Oh! Milton, that thou couldst now give an authority for making such alterations; and that thou wouldst send it up from the shades by nimble Mercury. For this some critic, of weighty erudition, some able Scaliger would do well, to form the proper powers,

powers, and dispatch them by the winged messenger; who is now standing on his customary toe, upon Sarum downs, for the information of travellers.

Milton, to soften as well as vary his numbers, whenever he can catch any thing like the ancient dactyl, or the anapest, seems fond of using them. I wonder Mr. Pope (who so much improved our rimed verse, and hung his bells at the end more skilfully than all others) was not more struck with this beauty, or less negligent to preserve it: for often he only wants it, by shutting out a vowel in the print.

'Twas then, the studious head, or generous
mind,
Follower of God, or friend of human kind,
Poet, or patriot rose *.

To do justice to these verses against their author, what he has suppressed we are forced to supply in the pronunciation.

In order, as I suppose, to add still more to the studied variety of his verse, Milton sometimes lengthens his line to eleven syllables; and in some places we may incline to think it twelve: as even then it does not equal the heroic verse of the ancients, which never consists of less than thirteen syllables.

* See how these lines are printed in the Essay on Man.
Ep. 3.

How quick they wheel'd, and flying—behind
them shot. Par. reg. b. 3. v. 323.

There is no way of reducing this verse to the common measure, but by making short one or both of the syllables in the word flying, or by squeezing the two syllables into one; neither of which is easily practicable. If the reader tries, I believe he will either way find his ear hurt in the pronunciation, and miss the beauty of the line. Another example occurs in the same poem, book 4. v. 101. Others in the *Paradise Lost*, b. 5. v. 366. and b. 9. v. 546. and many in Mr. Addison's *Cato*. Virgil (perhaps, also for the same reason) sometimes closes his hexameter with an * additional syllable. This syllable may indeed be observed to be such as that it may suffer an elision, ending with a vowel, and another vowel beginning the succeeding verse. But, as far as one can pretend to judge of the pronunciation of the ancients, whatever sound this syllable had, it probably was more immediately connected with the first line. In our rimer poetry, we have sometimes a couplet of eleven syllables; and the single Alexandrine of twelve is very common. In Mr. Dryden's ode on saint Cecilia's day, there are two instances of a verse of fourteen. Notwith-

* *Georg.* lib. 1. v. 295. and *Æn.* 7. v. 160.

standing what we grant to these poets, we keep poor Shakespear cramped and pinned down to the common number of ten : thus his printer uses him in the Twelfth Night.

—————She never told her love ;
But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.—————

Such a manner of writing as above, may be agreeable to the pronunciation of the vulgar, but degrades the pen of the poet, unless where he professedly imitates their dialect. What rule in orthography justifies the many strange contractions in this author, shocking the eye as well as the ear, beyond the power of Mrs. Cibber's voice to harmonize, perhaps may be known to the learned. Yet methinks it might not be amiss, to release the builder of the British drama from this confinement of the press, and set him more at ease. In such verse, the reader is to make the proper pauses. In the above line of Milton, I apprehend there ought to be a distinguishable pause after the word flying, as after concealment in this ;

But let concealment—(like a worm in the bud)

And it would be an ease to the reader, to contrive a double pause in verses of this sort. In the following passage of the Paradise regained, b. 4. v. 452.

————— I heard the rack,
 As earth and sky would mingle: but myself
 Was distant; and these flaws, tho' mortals
 fear them.

If, to reduce the last line to the common measure, we should join the concluding words thus—fear 'em, I believe every ear would be offended. In Milton's *Mask*, where the attendant spirit is introduced habited like a shepherd, the following lines appear in a speech of the elder brother.

————— If this fail,
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble.—But come;
 let us on.

The latter words receive both force and quickness from their having no verb; as we often see in *Shakespeare*. Yet in the poem, these words are contracted thus; But come, let's on, which contraction, in my apprehension, adds not at all to either of the beauties abovementioned; on the contrary, instead thereof, produces a vulgar sound, and sinks the dignity of the verse. To express quickness, we want no contraction, no coalition of words in the print: we want them no more than the Latin poets—vade age, nate voca.

voca.—quare agite, o juvenes.—date vela impel-
lite remos.—

From our great masters of blank verse, Shakespear and Milton, may be framed a Rule for its structure: for surely, to say no more of it, it is as reducible to metre as the verses of Terence, about which so much pains has been taken. It consists of five feet; in the choice of which the poet is not limited to a certain sort, but may chuse any of those which are used in the ancient lyric poetry. There is no place in the line allotted to any one in particular: insomuch that the formation of each line, except as to its length or the number of its feet, is absolutely at the will of the poet; and by this means no one line need resemble any before it, in the order or situation of the feet. Those which are mostly used, are the iambic, the trochee, the spondee and the dactyl. The harmony of the verse arises from the due arrangement and proper mixing of these feet, and from the often shifting of the pause. In this the poet is to conduct himself by his own ear; and his ear is to be formed by a careful observation of the best masters. For the greater variety (in large works especially) the author may sometimes extend his line by the addition of a syllable, and sometimes by adding another foot; by which latter method it becomes equal to the ancient hexameter. When the line is lengthened by the supernumerary
syllable,

syllable, it is sometimes put in the body of the line *. Such is the last syllable of the word flying, in the verse cited from the Paradise regained : where it appears not unlike the single syllable in the verses of many of Horace's odes ; but more frequently its position is at the end of the line, as in the other verses last cited from the same poem : and where it may be considered like the redundant syllable in the hypermeter verses of Virgil abovementioned. As for Shakespeare's line, taken from the Twelfth-night, we may treat it as an irregular, like those above cited from Milton, having a supernumerary syllable in the middle, and scan it like the second verse of the fourth ode of Horace.

Trahunt | que sic | cas | machi | næ ca | rinas.

Or it may be made a regular verse of five feet ; the three monosyllables at the end of the line may be a cretic foot ; or, if you please, may be an anapest, like what we meet in the following passage of the Paradise lost.

And on their naked limbs the flowery roof
Shower'd roses. —————

Our ear will inform us, that a syllable in English may be used as short, though terminated by

* Virgil has an example of such a verse ; as it is said to have been written in old manuscripts.

Inter se coiisse viros et decernere ferro.

a consonant, and though the next syllable begins with another. And it is reasonable; since by means of the scarcity of vowels, we could otherwise have but few short syllables: at least it may pass by a poetic licence, as well as Virgil is allowed, so often as he does, to lengthen a syllable, in its nature, or by general usage, evidently short.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------|
| —————Rosea rura Velini. | Æn. 7. 712. |
| —Cum peteret inconcessos—— | Æn. 1. 655. |
| —Turnique canit hymenæos. | Æn. 7. 398. |
| —Gravia sectoque elephanto. | Æn. 3. 464. |

It is observable that with the Latin poets many a syllable is either long or short as best serves their turn.

Natum ante ora patris, patrem qui obtruncat
ad aras.

Et longum formose vale, vale, inquit, iola.

They can put a short syllable at the end of their hexameter, instead of a long syllable; and in their lyrics can close the line with one that is long, when, according to the measure, it should be short. Some of Virgil's irregular verses above taken notice of, end with a dactyl.

Inscritur vero ex sætu nucis arbutus horrida.

Geor. 2. v. 69.

Et

Et spumas miscent argenti, vivaque sulfura:

Geor. 3. 449.

He has others beginning with an anapest, a cretic foot, or a proceleusmaticus.

Fluviorum rex Eridanus. —————

—————Hæc ut cera liquefcit.

Uno eodemque igni. —————

Genua labant. —————

If such irregularities, and many others not here mentioned, are discoverable in the verses of the best Latin authors, why may not our poets, in the management of their metre, claim the like indulgence? why may they not alter the natural quantity of a syllable, or depart, when they see occasion, from the common measure of their verse?

I am aware that this rule will appear to many partly erroneous, partly deficient, and partly extravagant, like the allegorical person above-mentioned.

Tam ficti, pravique tenax, quam nuncia veri.

Such as it is, I submit it to the correction of those who may think it worth their notice.

O critics, at distance I feel the terrors of your presence. I tremble at the very thought of your black, your formidable wigs, your rhadamantean looks, dread inquisition! concilium horrendum! and now, with reverence I approach;

with reverence I bow myself to your whole divan: but to those more especially do I bow, whoever ye are, who meditate future editions of Shakepear or of Milton. Oh! (if ye can) smile upon me, whilst with an adventurous hand I lay these my conceptions at your feet; happy, if but to one of them ye nod approbation. Peradventure, amid your laborious researches, perplexed with difficulties, ye will deem it wise, to consult your authors, now amusing themselves together in the laurel grove. If so, the communication, ye hear, is now open: Hermes will speed the intercourse. He is near at hand, very commodious for your packets, just in the road of the western mail. Careless Shakespear, no doubt, will wonder at the new dress; perhaps wonder too at the workman's fancy. But finish it, get him to try it on; and he will be pleased, if he sees the dress become him. Be not discouraged. He may find work enough for us all: he may say somewhat like his Richard.

Since I am crept in favour with myself,

I'll entertain a score or two of tailors,

To study fashions to adorn my body.

P O M E.

* POMERY-HILL.

TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE
PRINCE of WALES.

TO rule, to bless, to exalt a nation's
weal,

Heaven-destin'd Prince, where Albi-
on's genius points,

Rough virtues steep, the rare-trod road to fame,

Oh, on; but oh! for thee, while every muse

Raises her voice and twines the laurel wreath,

Scorn not to listen to the rustic lays

Of one, who mingling in the tuneful throng,

* This hill, which lies in the county of Dorset, is part of the lands of the duchy of Cornwall, belonging to the prince of Wales, when invested with the dukedom.

Rude-taught, unskill'd, fears much, yet strikes
 the lyre,
 Or pipes some humble flame, now bolder soars,
 Venturous of Pomery, and to thee to sing.

On Pomery, royal hill, where Romans long
 Delighted camp'd, nor wish'd for Tyber's banks,
 I lay. Below, thro' meadows green, smooth
 Frome
 Stray'd serpent-winding; o'er the wave fair swans
 Riding imperious plum'd their purple pride;
 All-healthful blew the morn's fresh breeze; my
 feat
 A rooted rock; this moss had silver'd o'er,
 And clasping ivy intertwin'd its leaves.
 Here the wild thyme its fragrance breathes, there
 flowers,
 Impearl'd with morning dew; o'er which at
 work,
 (While silence hears the sleep-enticing sound)
 Murmuring the bee oft hung, oft settling, cull'd
 Her store nectareous. Musical to heaven,
 On joy-exulting wings, the lark high-trill'd
 His heaven-taught harmony: then, stop'd at once
 The tuneful voice, this chaunter of the skies,
 Drops to his covert. On smooth-shaven slopes,
 White flocks shone pendent, or now creeping o'er
 Pure

Pure downs, obedient to their shepherd, fed.
 A prospect ample to the wandering eye,
 Lay the stretch'd vale, and woods, and scatter'd
 cotts,

The far blue hills, and, Dorchester, thy towers.
 Hence Autumn hears the early horn, as o'er
 The dew the unwearied beagle winds his way,
 The hares light track exploring; he, poor fool,
 Ill-fated, 'gainst his life, man leagu'd with brute,
 Trusts to his feet his safety,—they betray.
 See from the falconer's hand the aerial hawk,
 Now skims the blue serene, now thro' the heavens
 Precipitant on the dove. The fisher there,
 Patient, in silence, eyes his bending reed.
 Now, now, I seem to tread on classic ground.
 How threatening yet! yon triple mounds be-
 hold.

Embattled legions from those ramparts oft,
 In well-form'd quadrate, at the trumpet's sound,
 Terrific mov'd; Rome's eagles wav'd in air;
 In dread array, shields, helmets, quivering spears,
 Blaz'd, and far-gleaming, brighten'd all the field,

O Rome! a terror to the world no more!
 As thou art now, e'erlong may Britain be;
 A name. Ah!—days yet hid in time's dark
 womb,

May come, when future Vandals, or fierce Goths
 Shall lord these plains. The hopes of his long
 toil,

Not for himself, the husbandman shall view
 The harvest ripen, and the orchard bloom:
 For foreign masters, for barbarians, ah!
 On yon fair downs the bleating flocks shall bear
 Their fleece; the steer in yon rich dale shall
 plow.

Shall then the wandering Briton, poor, oppressed,
 Or on this mount, in silent sorrow, gaze;
 Or distant hence, while drops a patriot tear,
 Over the ruins of St. Stephen's walls,
 Recalling oft old England's honors, say.

Here, once blest country, once of heaven be-
 lov'd!

Shone Attic science, Roman spirit breath'd.
 With founts of trade our cities rung, the fields
 With culture smil'd, the labourer in content
 Equall'd the wealth of monarchs, plenty here
 Emptied her horn, and George and freedom
 reign'd.

Britain, thy sons were—ah! were frugal, brave,
 Jealous of honour, to their country friends;
 No fears had innocence, by law secure;
 Virtue was fame, and modesty could charm.
 'Till (pest-like) creeping luxury, her black

Bane

Bane to thy vitals spread. Of heaven ah! left,
 Then didst thou fall; and liberty, to seek
 More favour'd climes, on golden pinions flew.
 Thus thoughtful as I lay, a voice beneath
 Stole thro' the silent air. Stretch'd on a rock
 The gentle Gallus to the muse and love,
 Pour'd forth his plaint: the herd came grazing
 round,
 And seem'd to listen to these piteous strains.

O love, how running to thy toils, is man!
 How willing chain'd! to thee how feeble! falls
 Asia's dread sultan suppliant. Though half the
 east

Shakes at his frown he feels a mightier power.
 The heart, untaught to melt at human woe,
 Softens to love, and at thy altar burns.
 There at thy shrine the reddening virgin owns
 The tender flame; the hero and the sage,
 The sceptred monarch, and the simple swain,
 All, all bow down; nor spare love's shafts I ween
 Yon labourer, who o'er his scythe inclining,
 Spares not the flower. He, with two-handed
 sweep

In lengthening heaps the unpitied slaughter
 spreads;

Yet now, yet now, perhaps, some unkind maid
 Accuses,

Accuses, sighing to the passing wind,
 Forlorn, disconsolate, a wretch like me.
 Thou enemy to peace, bewitching boy!
 I know thee now. 'Tis false, thou art not the
 child

Of gentle Venus, but in tempests born,
 A rock produc'd thee, and a tygres fed.
 Else, archer, say, why twang'd so loud thy
 bow?

So wing'd, so keen, why sped the shaft at me?
 Ah! from that hour, how fierce a God I feel!
 How oft, O Whitewell naiads, have ye heard
 Me grieve, your waters answering to my
 moan?

How oft, retreating to your friendly shade,
 (Like the struck deer) the arrow in my heart,
 Inly I bleed, but dare not tell my pain?
 How dare I tell Amanda, that for her
 I burn, I pine? that my faint breast for her
 Heaves but to sigh? Oh! would some sickly
 blast,

Powerful the pride of beauty to disarm,
 Make her less fair, less darting fire her eye,
 Less heavens own tinct her bloom. No—ra-
 ther, ye

Stars, on her pour disasters, till pale want

Starts

Starts to her view, departing every friend;
 While she, a shower-bent rose, proplefs her head,
 Weeps, in her grief more beauteous. Then, O
 then,

Could I that all-accomplish'd maid behold,
 Sav'd by my hand from rugged fortune's blow;
 Then hoping, trembling, own the imprison'd
 flame.

Ah me!—how near to madness is allied
 The lover's mind! No.—let not that sweet face
 Disease e'er mar, nor want presume to approach
 The abode of so much goodness. Say, ye Gods,
 Why see we oft, your choicest gift to man,
 Love, that now wing'd with joy in your blest
 feats,

Spears the rapt soul, now miserable, scorn'd,
 Debas'd with a train of ills, mistrust,
 Sleepless disquiet, jealousies, despair?
 If the hard lot which wretched lovers prove,
 Still to desire, tho' never to enjoy,
 Can touch immortals, pity hapless love.
 In native charms, sweet-smiling like the morn,
 Blooms my Amanda. Mixt with other fair
 She shines, like Dian mid her train; her voice
 Has harmony, as in Arcadia's vales
 To shepherds ear the distant flute of Pan.
 Whatever she intends, with secret hand

Grace

Grace perfects all, grace follows as she moves.
A fool to art, yet ever sure to please,
Finish'd by nature, the like nature's self
Still wins in all her looks: of female mould
None fairer lovelier did e'er warm mankind.
Bear me, O bear me, Cupid, on thy wings
To Cyprian shores; to where the marble fane
Rises, embosom'd in the myrtle grove.
There Cytherea, in her dove-drawn car
Descending, doth reveal to mortal view
Beauty celestial. Oft, while sooths her ear
The lapse of solemn waters, or the prayer
Of some sad lover, there the goddess sleeps
Watch'd by the graces! Her ambrosial hair
Fanning the gales, waft heavenly fragrance
round.
Now, see she wakes to sounds of silver lyres;
Now, midst a hundred incens'd altars, may
These accents, born on spicy clouds, ascend.

Parent severe of soft desires,

O rose-lip'd, smiling dame,

To spread around the world thy fires,

thou Amanda frame?

Gav'n

Gav'st thou her shape, love-breathing air,
 Thy look, each grace divine?
 For this didst thou around the fair,
 The magic cestus twine?

Ah! one defect, mid so much art,
 From that dear form remove:
 Compleat thy work; her yet cold heart
 Strike with the torch of love.

To

TO T I M E.

A P O E M.

TIME, that with stealthy feet along
Com'ft, life's fly thief—ah! why
Wilt thou not ftay? a poet's fong
Still mayft thou hear, ftill fly.

Pleas'd on the mofs-grown mouldring tower
Oblique thou dart'ft thy beam,
Or where the vale doth filent pour
Its everlafting ftream.

Thy van benign occafion takes,
Necelfity thy rear.
The fleepers thy fwift wing forfakes;
Call'd back thou doft not hear.

If we complain thee lingering grown,
No pity ftirs thy eye:
Vain is the abfent lover's moan,
And vain the minor's cry,

Great mower, thou nor young nor fair
Spar'ft, envying even our prime:
Yet, yet awhile thy fuppliant fpare,
O fpare me fcythe-arm'd time.

At

At thy soft touch, ah! feeble art
 Fades, as the shrinking flower :
 Not Hufsey's pencil can impart
 Exemption from thy power.

Statues that breath'd from Phidias' hand
 Felt thy resistless stroke.
 Fame mourns destroy'd whate'er she plan'd,
 Mourns every trophy broke,

Faithless the column to its trust,
 The brass, the marble vain :
 Her pillar'd temples fallen to dust
 With ruins strow the plain.

Yes—roofs, tho' rais'd by Jones and Grace,
 And Wren's proud dome shall yield.
 Even beauty, thron'd on Chloe's face,
 From thee not love can shield.

See vegetable life now gay,
 Now perish : perish all,
 That wing the heavens, that skim the sea,
 Or tread the earthly ball.

The oak, that thrice an age hath stood,
 And long brav'd every blast,
 His honors with each spring renew'd,
 Feels time, and groans at last.

States like their founders fall : her doom
 When thou didst sign, Greece fell,
 By Romans thrall'd : all-conquering Rome
 Doth now thy triumphs swell.

But heaven-establiſh'd truth and laws
 Shall fix Britannia's throne,
 Her people's rights, and freedom's cause,
 'Till nature is undone,

'Till the great drama ends.—crouds sleep.
 Here folly's temples ring,
 There lucre's : onward thou shalt creep.—
 Then from thy opening wing

Sudden shall leap the unlook'd-for hour ;
 Then crack yon marble skie,
 Dread fabric of Almighty power !
 Then heaven's fair order die.

With age unchang'd, One Great alone
 Shall stand ; the pendulous world
 Burſt into atoms, nature groan,
 In ſtrange convulſions hurl'd ;

The ſun's bright orb, the ſtars diſſolve,
 Touch'd by thy potent rod,
 While ruin and boundleſs flames involve
 All but the throne of God ;

Thou

Thou in the wrack of this great All
Crush'd, thou thy spoils give o'er;
* Eternity shall sound thy fall
Loud found, * BE TIME NO MORE.

* Revelations, Chap. x. ver. 6.

D

On

On MILTON's two POEMS,
Il penferoso and L'allegro.

A S O N G.

A Solitary path I took,
Winding where woods exclude the day.
On a rude feat there chanc'd a book :
I read a while, then pensive lay.

That hour came blooming Flavia by,
To seek some unfrequented shade.
The dappled deer look up and fly :
Like Dian's self they saw the maid.

Love breath'd from all her beauteous make :
Venus had finish'd every part.
Silent she charms ; but when she spake
A thousand graces won the heart.

A neat simplicity her drefs,
Her tresses to the air resign'd,
Now in the groves most cool recess
Behold the lovely maid reclin'd.

The

The suns that in her forehead roll,
Sleep of their lustre had beguil'd.
I crept, I gaz'd, a kif I stole ;
Faun laugh'd ; ye nymphs at distance smil'd.

Part of STERNHOLD's Verification of the
xviiiith Psalm altered.

HEAVEN bow'd, and trembling felt the Lord
Descending from on high.

Beneath he cast the clouds. And now
(While darkness wrapt the skie)

Down, by a thousand cherubs born,
The king of glory rode,
Serene ; and on the wings of winds
Came flying all the God.

Tempests before him went, and night,
And hail-stones sharp with ire :
Loud roll'd the thunder ; lightnings glar'd,
Red with uncommon fire.

In dreadful vollies from his hand
The forked arrows flew.
The arm of vengeance bare (too late)
Affrighted mortals knew.

The mountains rock, all Nature's voice
Impending woe proclames :
Earth quaking to her centre tells
The wrath of heaven in flames.

To

To Miss * * * * *

Te suis mères metuunt juvençis ;
 Te senes parci ; miseræque nuper
 Virgines nuptæ, tua ne retardet

Aura maritos.

HOR.

* **P**HRYNE could weep the mournful fate
 Of Thebes, could labour to restore the state.

And Lais, dear to Cyprus dame,
 Still fought love's battles with a thirst of fame ;
 Spred through all Greece the tender pain,
 And smil'd o'er grave philosophers to reign.

O Fanny, thou to whose command
 Throng Britain's youth, and offer half their land,
 For whom points cruel art thy charms ?
 Whose are thy smiles ? say, whose thy twining
 arms ?

For whom in ringlets waves thy hair ?
 Whose ruin now is all thy sport, thy care ?
 If thou art by, where evening shades
 Invite, what fear the mother's heart pervades ?
 Thee parsimonious fathers dread,
 And new brides tremble for their nuptial bed.

* See Propert. lib. 2. El. 6.

Rough sons of war endure thy chain :
 And legislators hail thy sovereign reign.
 But foreign triumphs wait behind.
 Let greater still ambition fire thy mind :
 Let nobler laurels on thy brows
 Verdant tell, Fanny vanquish'd Britain's foes.
 Sound round great * Saxe love's soft alarms,
 'Till all the hero sinks within thy arms.
 Captive her champion, France shall bleed.
 Thy country's cause shall sanctify the deed.
 Then but Machiavel's scholar tame,
 And Cleopatra yields to thee in fame.
 — Ah ! sinking see the weal of love,
 Melancholy saddens the Idalian grove.
 Ah ! in yon realm, where Phœbus deigns
 To lead the muses choir while science reigns,
 Chiefs, wits, nay patriots have defy'd
 Love's altars. Rise, avenge the sexes pride.
 Love shall to thee his forces join,
 The quiver'd armour of a God be thine.
 Again, shall the soft queen (who won
 Suppliant heaven's artift for her god-like son)
 Thy Venus, scorn'd to Vulcan sue,
 Shall fires immortal Fanny's darts pursue.

* These poems were written some years since.

To

To his deep caves shall he depart,
There pleas'd, for Fanny pour forth all his art.
For thee the brawny Cyclops feel
Hot sweat, now turn, now dip the hissing steel,
All Etna's hammer'd anvils found,
While from its top flash ruddy flames around.

A L O N D O N With in the Month of
J U N E.

O rus, quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque
licebit,
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno, et inerti-
bus horis,
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ? HOR.

Q UICK waft me hence some gentle dream
Far off to Pomery's side ;
Along the banks of Frome's smooth stream,
Where lambent waters chide.

Or to some forest's awful gloom,
May Fancy's wand convey,
Where Melancholy wont to roam
Points out the glimmering way.

Nought but the woodman's ax be heard,
Or Philomel's soft strains;
While in close covert hid the bird,
To heaven and love complains.

The cannon's mouth let courage brave,
Or tempt the icy pole,
The levee haunt Ambition's slave,
And Pride her chariot roll.

Me may simplicity and ease
 Bless in my thatch'd retreat,
 Far from the splendid cares that please
 The mad, the vain, the great.

While books, or walk, the hour consume ;
 Or sleep, where cooling gales
 Breath thro' my bower each wild perfume
 That herb or shrub exhales.

Give me to see what tincts adorn,
 As nature paints, the ground,
 To climb the craggy cliff at morn,
 And view the ocean round :

To wind along the vale with flocks,
 And Spenser's page at even,
 Or sit with Shakespear mid the rocks,
 With Milton soar to heaven :

Forget low pelf, strife, noise, all things
 That here perplex the day.
 And oh ! ye Zephyrs, with your wings
 Flap busy care away.

On the D U K E's Progress towards the
R E B E L S, in the Year 1746.

Dii patrii indigites, et Romule, Vestaque mater,
Quæ Tuscum Tiberim et Romana palatia servas,
Hunc saltem everso juvenem succurrere sæclo
Ne prohibete. ————— VIRG.

QUIS Dæmon cives, quis vobis suaferit hostis
Tam dirum, tam immane nefas, tantumque
malorum ?

In regem, in patriam, quæ tanta insania Martis ?
Quam neque purpureæ Sequanæ nec potor Iberi,
Nec poterant Rheno divisæ perdere gentes,
Eheu ! aliis invicta sua cadet Anglia dextra !
O patria, O mundi decus insula, quale tulisti
Nunc hominum genus !—in tua vertunt viscera
vires.

Quo majorum abiit virtus ? non religionis
Pectora vestra calent, non libertatis amore,
Legumque antiquarum ? hæc carè Britones olim
Vita emere sua, non docti ferre tyrannos :
Hæc, quæ servavere patres, hæc tradite natis.
Impia projicite arma : O læti incumbite pacis
Ad studia uno animo ; rex libertatis amicus
Fautor adest operum. Nulli sua præmia deerunt:
Tendere opem oppressis, æquum jus reddere
cuique,

Hæ

Hæ regnandi artes sunt illi, animusque paternus
Is patris in populum. Tales dum sceptrâ tene-
bunt,

Vos, (O felices nimium!) bona noscite vestra.
O Thamesine pater tollas caput, ostia pinus
Ecce tua alatae subeunt, quibus Anglia pacem
Esse jubet, quacunque volant, quibus * Hesper-
iæ urbes

Territat ingentes, et fert sua fulmina ad Indos,
Magnique imperium pelagi sibi vindicat omne.
Anglia, pande sinum, pressas onere aspice puppes.
Dona ferunt terrarum: aliæ dant marmora: mit-
tunt

Mirum aliæ bombycis opus. Tibi littora Eoa
Thurium odore fluunt; sudantur cortice pingui
Electra; ac magis ardenti sub sole rubescunt
Poma. Venena absunt at noxia. Sint procul
hydri

Quos et alat Nilus serpentes. Bellua terror
Auroræ populis dentes tibi mittat eburnos,
Getulusque leo exuvias. Tibi at India in imis
Visceribus condât gemmas aurique metallum;
Sueci dent ferrum, mollis sua Gallia vina.

Magna O libertas, diffuso lumine ridens!
Dives opum variarum! O numen amabile, salve.

* Italicae.

Felix sola diu, te Græcia, deinde colebat
 Roma potens. Mundi victrix, se denique vicit;
 Victa feros subiit dominos. Nunc Anglia hono-
 rem

Et colit et servat. Sine te nil inchoat altum
 Mens, sine te nec vita juvat, nec munera divum.
 Nil non passuri pro libertate, petebant
 Te dea maiores, per pingues sanguine campos,
 Per maris ac terræ discrimina multa, per ignes,
 Sit populi tibi cura tui : res aspice nostras.
 En tuus it vindex ; pro te pius impetus illum
 Fert, patriusque vigor ; pro te petit impiger
 hostem.

Sis comes O felix ; tu vimque animumque mi-
 nistra.

Hanc O æternes præsentî numine gentem.

In M Y R A M.

VIRIBUS ah ! Veneris postquam me Myra
subegit,

Molliaque impôfuit vincla volentî anîmo,
Quam cœpi miser eſſe, metum et ſpem pendulus
inter !

Quod deſiderium, ah ! quæ mihi cura fuit !
Secretas adii valles et flûmina ſolus :
Ac multum colui, non ſine triſtitia,
Et nemorum tenebras, et aquarum flebile mur-
mur :

Noctem egi vigilans, ingemuique diem.

Ad A M I C U M.

SEU te, relicto Pieridum choro,
 Ripa morantem fluminis Ifidis,
 Problema Neutoni retardet,
 Seu teneant studia alta Clarkei,

Seris lucernis pone modum precor.
 Ritusque amicos vinaque libera
 Ni misceas prudens labori,
 Haud sat erit penetrasse rerum

Causas, et ingens nosse quibus mare
 Et queis regantur fidera legibus.
 Mundum Deo credas, et ultra
 Quærere quam dedit ille nolis.

Lux unde soli ? dic age, si potes.
 Hunc pendulum orbem quid tenet, aut movet
 Quæ vis ? at audax cuncta scire
 Mens hominum Deum ad usque scandit.

OLYM-

O L Y M P I A.

To his ROYAL HIGHNESS the DUKE.

Namque erit ille mihi semper Deus: illius aram
 Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus.
 Ille meas errare boves, ut cernis, et ipsum
 Ludere, quæ vellem, calamo permisit agresti.

VIRG.

TE Libertatem, te salvas vindice leges,
 Viribus et fractis devinctam Seditionem,
 Me vetat imbelli conari carmine Phœbus.
 Nec mihi Musa dedit armare in prælia Martem,
 Neve Dei comites nec equos neque dicere cur-
 rum.

Non structas acies non belli pingere pompam
 Ausim ego; sæva canant alii spargentia lethum
 Æra sono horrenti, nigrantemque æthera fumo,
 Clangoremque tubæ, peditumque equitumque
 tumultus.

Simplicia at rura, at gelidis cum fontibus um-
 bras

Carmine amem læto describere, vernaque prata,
 Et tacita æterno volventia flumina lapsu.

Molle aderat tempus, quo solvi in gaudia duris
 Agricolis solenne fuit, dulcique Lyæo,

Et

Et variis ludis festivos condere soles ;
 Aut baculo, cursuue pedum certare, vel arcu,
 Aut viridem rudibus terram pulsare choræis
 Ad citharæ sonitum, seu iuvit sæpe palastra
 Exercere artus, nifuve ingente per auras
 Discum altè torquere : bonis maioribus ortum
 Servat adhuc (servetque diu) Dorsetia morem.
 Hic Romanorum pastor cum sæpe labores,
 Amphitheatra, vias stratas, horrentia castra
 Aggeribus altis latè circumdata spectat,
 Rupe sedens operumque artem faciemque loco-
 rum

Miratur tacitus, dum per munimina longa
 Lanigeræ pascuntur oves armentaque læta.
 O dulcis regio, felicia frugibus arva !
 Non tantum Arcadiæ colles, non Mænala tantum
 Pan sua amat. Regione illa peramæna patebat
 Planities, jugo in excelso : nec spina neque illic
 Horrentes dumi ; nec stabat cærdus asper.
 Sole procul fulgens tremuit maris æquor, ubi alba
 Ad spirantem Eurum pandebant vela carinæ :
 Undarum auditur pulsantum littora murmur.
 Fluctu extat medio projectis ardua faxis
 Insula, nec classi statio malefida Britannæ.
 Parte alia lætæ segetes, et sparsa casarum
 Culmina parva, comæ nemorum, veteresque se-
 pultæ

Arbo-

Arboribus turres, interlucentia valles
 Flumina, reptantesque greges in collibus albi.
 Cum dulci amplexu Tithoni undisque relictis,
 Jam cælo effulsit Dea suave-rubens Aurora,
 Sperata exoriente die; simul undique circum
 Illam in planitiem juvenes nitidæque puellæ
 Convenere; senesque ipsi, lætissima turba,
 Cursus fæmineos spectatum: murmure campus
 Confuso strepuit, fidibusque, et voce canentum.

Ducitur interea vacuas sublimè per auras,
 Ostro intertexto, nexisque subucula vittis,
 Victrici pretium: ex lino nitidissima vestis,
 Multæque artis opus. Nocturna ad lumina Doris
 Fecit acu pingens, longum solata laborem
 Carminibus; virgo studiorum docta Minervæ.
 Atque ubi procerum multos antiqua per annos
 Attollens cælo caput ulmus frondibus umbram
 Præbuerat pecori; cunctis spectacula longè
 Lina illa effulgent ramo demissa virenti.
 Venere in campum, succinctæ vestibus albis,
 Thestylis, et Dorcas, Galatea, et amabilis Emma
 Docta choris levis ire, placens et Delia cantu,
 Phyllisque, Phæbeque, Amaryllis, et Eleonora
 Formosa, insignis cursu, cui sæpius olim
 Palmæ partus honos. Medio Galatæa ferebat
 Composito sese incessu: cui flore rubebant

Tempora ; marmoreum cui collum ; pectora li-
num

Arte laboratum velat : sed vertice nigra
Illi cæsaries, et lumina nigra micabant.
Jamdudum vero, ante alias pulcherrima longè,
Pagorum decus, arboreo sub tegmine Phyllis,
Nympharum velut una sedens, fert vulnera latè,
Inscia at ipsa : virum it mollis per pectora
flamma.

Phyllidi enim formam, sua lumina, cæsariemque,
Ipsa dedit Cytherea, dedit crinitus Apollo
Vocem quæ vincat morientis carmina cycni.
Talis erat virgo. Viridi quoque stratus in herba
Fortè aderat Thyrsis, Thyrsis, quem sæpe pu-
ellæ,

Et dulcis Galatea, et formosissima Phyllis,
Audierant ambæ spirantem vota et amores,
Flore juventutis lætus, roseoque colore,
Viribus et pollens, et fuso crine decorus ;
Nec gregis hic pauper. Nunc verum ad limina,
vellent

Quæ certare, locum capiunt ; signumque re-
pente

Uno ardore simul poscunt, et lumina et aures
Intentæ : addebantque animos candentia lina.
Tandem expectatum cornu sonat ; ac simul om-
nes

Corri-

Corripuere viam ; vix arida sensit euntum
 Terra pedes ; levibus ludunt in vestibus auræ,
 Ceu quondam immissis Eleo carcere habenis
 Profiluit, curruque volans auriga sonanti
 Acribus imperitavit equis : super ipse pependit
 Terga ; rotæ subiere aliæ ; fugere omnia visa.
 Illis virginibus pariter succendere corda
 Laudis amor : sua quamque magis spes ac magis
 urget.

Nescia cui sese inclinet Fortuna, superna
 Abdita nube, diu pendet. Nunc Thestylis, et
 nunc

Emicat ante alias Phœbe ; nunc denique primus
 Phyllidis est pulvis. Retrò levis aura capillos
 Diffudit. Musa virgo memorata Maronis
 Per mare per segetes pede non leviori volaret.
 Metas optatas Phyllis jam jamque tenebat.
 Fata obstant : nam præteritas cervice reflexa
 Dum videt, et gaudet venturo læta triumpho,
 Quà circum sepem flecti stadium incipiebat,
 Radicem ad veterem offenso pede, concidit, ictu
 Obstupefacta gravi ; nec vox nec jam manet illi
 Ore color. Lapsam verò conspexit, et ardens
 Auxilio ire moras Thyrsis non pertulit ullas.
 Qualis avis sub noctem impastis pabula nidis
 Ore ferens, notas longè si forte querentum
 Accepit voces, pennis iter acriùs urget.

Aera per vacuum : matrem nimis omnis abesse
 Conclamat domus. Haud alia cura, ocyor ille
 Carpit humum ; namque infelix metuebat, amor
 ne

Et spes occiderint, esset ne mortua Phyllis ;
 Donec jam propior nivea et pectora et artus
 Vitales motus, et lucida lumina sensit.

Languida demùm, lassâ, et anhelans murmure
 leni

Has imo voces effudit pectore Phyllis.

“ Tune O Thyrsis ades ? ” dicenti ille oscula
 fixit.

Erubuit virgo, et trepidans a pectore amantem
 Reppulit, atque oculo tacito undique circum-
 spexit.

Interea dulcis metam Galatea relictis
 Omnibus attigerat, subitus cum clamor ad astra
 It populi : litrus longè collesque resultant
 Saxaque pulsa sono ; pertentant gaudia pectus
 Fæmineum ; agglomerant juvenes et murmure
 plaudunt.

Quam brevis heu ! nobis (sic Dii voluere) vo-
 luptas

Nascitur et moritur ! pallor nunc ire per ora
 Virginis ; ah ! quam nunc sese cecidisse cupivit !
 Nam

Nam neque gratatus victrici, nam neque pal-

man

Præbebat Thyrsis; manus altera (chara nec

æquè)

Adtulerat; jam nunc procul est cum Phyllide

Thyrsis,

Ah! curæque salus est illi Phyllidis unæ.

Ad A M I C U M.

NUNC Hyems vultus inamæna cessit
 Pulchriori : nunc meliora rident
 Tempora ; et flores apibus ministrat
 Et thyma tellus.

Agminis parvi it leve murmur agris ;
 Et filens ponit Philomena nidum,
 Qua novas mulcens filias Favoni in-
 terfonat aura,

Non honos longus neque certus anno ;
 Flos brevis, linquet tua te juventa :
 Ah ! colorem illum invidiosa repens
 Bruma fugabit,

Quas dabunt Dii tu rape gratus horas.
 Vino, amico, Lætitiæque danda
 Nox propinquat ; pectore pelle curas,
 Pelle et amorem,

O fugaces desine jam puellas
 Insequi ; jam absisce Chloen tueri,
 Lucidos mirans oculos, modosque
 Dulce canentis,

On a G R O T T O.

HUNC lucum latè tacitum, hæc loca gar-
rula lymphis,

Hos subis O quisquis lapides, quæ Cynthia vellet
Ipsa lavare artus, vellet quoque mater amorum,
Tu Nympham venerare loci, somnosque molesto
Ne pede rumpe leves. Oculo lustrare silenti
Fas tibi pendula saxa, lapillorumque colores
Cum musco viridante, metalla vomentia lucem,
Coraliumque rubens, et ab omni littore con-
chas.

Fonte ab Acidalio trepidans non purior ivit,
Simplicibus quamvis accepta sororibus, unda;
Carmine digna magis coluit non pulchra Calypso,
Non dicenda magis Nymphæ Nereides antra.
Et tu, quæ lapidum induxisti his fontibus um-
bram,

O genere, O forma, O multa memorabilis arte,
Cui Decor ipse comes, seu te hic vitare legentem
Æstivos soles, et amabile volvere carmen,
Seu delectat acu studia exercere Minervæ,
Sive manum simulans Naturæ pingere mavis,
Cælia, parce hujus Nymphæ turbare quietem.

In Boiffard's Roman Antiquities, among the plates at the end of the second volume, there is a figure of a sleeping Naiad, lying down in the midst of rushes, and the following inscription underneath.

Hujus Nympha loci, sacri custodia fontis,
Dormio, dum blandae sentio murmur aquae.
Parce meum, quisquis tangis cava marmora,
somnum

Rumpere : siue bibas, siue lavere, tace.

Nymph of the stream, these sacred springs I
keep ;

And lull'd by pleasing murmurs, here I sleep.
Tread gently ye, who seek the cooling wave ;
Come silent, silent drink, in silence lave.

Boiffard has given another figure of a nymph, very much resembling this. It is probable that such statues were not uncommon, and that they were often placed at the head of a river

Ad aquae lenae caput sacrae. Hor.

Here there might have been a marble receptacle for the water issuing from the spring, to preserve it pure for the use of the country, and deep enough for a bath. A statue so corresponding with the place, would easily acquire veneration,

neration, and in a pagan age might well impress a belief, of the actual presence of the nymph, on the spot where her figure appeared. These fabulous personages, tho' inhabitants of the earth, yet ranked among the gods, had an allowed claim to adoration, and were honoured with sacrifices. For altho' it may be the practice of modern poets, to call women nymphs, it was not so, when a nymph was believed of a superior order of beings, a real divinity. The religion of the times gave a sanction to this statue and its inscription, when it might have been part of the peasant's creed, that to violate the repose of a nymph, would be to incur the wrath of heaven. Tho' it is possible there might have been some cave or grot to which this antique belonged; yet that there was, does not appear, either from the plate, or from what Boissard says concerning it *: wherefore I have ventured to alter Mr. Pope's translation of the verses, which we have in one of his letters to Mr. Blount. It seems to me, that the words in the inscription, cava marmora, signified the marble enclosure of the spring, from a passage of Juvenal, wherein he reflects upon the grot of the nymph Egeria.

In vallem Egeriæ descendimus, et speluncas
Diffimiles veris; quanto præstantius effret

* Vol. I. page 106.

Numen aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet
undas

Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora
tophum?

It was Juvenal's opinion, that nothing but the simplicity of nature ought to appear in the grot of a nymph, that was so much revered by the old Romans, to whom, as they thought, they owed their laws and their constitution; and that every kind of artificial ornament was improper, as lessening the religious awe due to so consecrated a place.

F I N I S.



